

# MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

### SKETCH OF ARCHBISHOP MOORE.

HIS Grace the most Reverend JOHN MOORE, late Archbishop of Canterbury, is one of many instances which shew that men of talents may rise to the first offices in the British government, independently of all considerations of birth, title and family connection. He was the son of a respectable country grazier, in the west of England, who gave him a liberal education, and placed him in the University of Oxford; where he was only remarkable for his application to study, and the correctness of his manners and morals. Some time after Mr. Moore entered into Orders, it was rumored in the University that a nobleman, whose name was not mentioned, had made application for a tutor to his son. The gentlemen to whom an offer of this office was made unanimously declined accepting it, on the supposition that, as the nobleman appeared to be ashamed of his name, he was some inferior Scotch Lord, whose patronage would never prove of any benefit. The place was, in course, offered to Mr. Moore, who cheerfully accepted it, observing, at the same time, that as he had no great prospects in life, the situation, if not beneficial, could not be injurious to him. When he was informed that the nobleman, who made the application, was no less a person than the Duke of Marlborough, he, with becoming diffidence and modesty, shrunk from the charge, declaring he did not, by any means, think himself qualified to enter into so great a family, or to undertake the education of a young Lord who was the heir of such a distinguished title. The Duke of Marlborough was so much pleased with the modest demeanour of Mr. Moore, that he, in a manner, insisted on his taking upon him the office he had accepted—and accordingly he was introduced into the family of the Duke. Mr. Moore had the advantage of a graceful and handsome person, which attracted the attention of the Dutchess dowager of Marlborough, and she actually made him the offer of her hand. Mr. Moore very prudently and honorably communicated this proposal to the Duke, who advised him most sedulously to avoid the Dutchess in future. With this advice he faithfully complied—and by his candor and honesty he fully secured the friend-

ship of the Duke, through whose interest and influence at Court he was created a Bishop. Upon the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, several bishops made interest to succeed him. Their family connections and influence were so nearly balanced, that the King found himself in a disagreeable predicament—as he could not give any one bishop the preference without offending the rest, as well as their relations and friends. The King, therefore, with great wisdom and prudence, recommended to the contending bishops to fix among themselves upon a successor to the Archbishoprick. Bishop Moore was a *bon vivant*, and it was thought his habit tended to an apoplexy, which must of course carry him off in a few years:—He was also strongly recommended by his patron, the Duke of Marlborough. The bishops therefore concluded upon recommending him, as, in the course of the few years he would probably live, some arrangements might take place among them, whereby they might more easily determine on what they thought a more permanent successor to the See of Canterbury. Bishop Moore was accordingly elected, and his constitution deceived his electors, as he has filled the archiepiscopal chair about twenty years. It might have been expected, that a man who was advanced from the inferior walks of life, to a precedence of all the ancient nobility of Great Britain, which Archbishop Moore enjoyed as Metropolitan and Primate of all England, would have been inflated with pride—and that he would become unmindful of his former connections. But the dignity of Archbishop Moore had no such effect upon him. He continued the same benevolent, affable, unassuming man he had ever been, and his filial piety to his parents was ever undiminished. He was a learned and pious prelate, and the sermons he composed, and occasionally delivered, were not inferior to those of Tillotson. The business of an Archbishop of Canterbury is arduous, but on Sundays, which are days of leisure, his Grace attended to the invitations of different churches to preach charity sermons, &c. He was a lover of peace, and never engaged in polemical disputes; inasmuch that the great Priestonian controversy, which assailed the very foundation of the doctrines of the Church of England, passed unregard-

ed by him. No complaints have ever been heard respecting the use he made of his great power in the Church—and he has left behind him the character of a *most worthy man*, and a *most excellent archbishop*.

### FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

WE are sure of gratifying the admirers of Bloomfield and Wordsworth, when we copy from a late English magazine the following account of a little volume of poems, lately published in England, by a self-taught, untutored son of genius.

The volume is entitled *Village-Scenes: the Progress of Agriculture, and other Poems*, by T. Batchelor. The author is a young man, the son of a farmer, who, like a second Bloomfield, was born a rural poet, and who, under every disadvantage, has given to the world a specimen of very considerable poetic powers. The poems have been written without any assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft shade of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in obscurity and neglect, and without a Capel Loft to usher them into the world. The first and principal of the poems *Village Scenes*, opens with an invocation to memory, with a description of the feelings awakened by recollection, with the happiness of childhood, and an apostrophe to solitude.—The description of the rising sun:

Retracted rays of Phœbus' dawning light  
Divergent shooting, chase the shades of night,  
Prismatic colors, pencil'd by the morn,  
With feeble lustre orient clouds adorn;  
At intervals, through tides of æther, float  
Time's solemn toll, and chanticleer's shrill note;  
The bird of night shrieks on the mouldering fane,  
And watch dogs bay responsive to her strain.

the soothing influence of sleep on poverty:

Yet Sleep her soft oblivious sway maintains,  
And binds the village in her pleasing chains;  
Sooth'd by her hand, beneath a clay cold shed,  
Pale Want reposes on a cheerful bed,  
Sickness and Care confess the balmy hour,  
Nor Envy pines at beauty, wealth or power;

but unable to calm the perturbed spirit of the disappointed lover and betrayed fair one:

But griefs there are that banish all delight,  
The charms of day, the calm repose of night,  
Wound the sad breast, and break the bands of sleep;  
To ope the eyes that only wake to weep:  
E'en now, perhaps, some low desponding swain  
Heaves the deep sigh, o'ercome by cold disdain;  
With streaming eyes, some sad dishonor'd fair  
Mourns o'er the babe that owns no father's care;

breathe the true spirit of poetic beauty.



The village maid at the tomb of her lover is very affectingly and poetically described. The contending emotions of pity and love, when she passes his grave on going to church, are penciled with the hand of a master, in a simple, unaffected, and poetical strain. The apostrophe to Genius, and the neglect it often meets with when untutored by education, or uncherished by patronage, deserves to be admitted into your pages :

Superior worth alone can wreaths bestow,  
That grace a monarch's or a peasant's brow ;  
And Genius blooms peculiar to no soil,  
The growth of nature, not the meed of toil.  
Yet oft her infant buds neglected lie,  
And feel the rudeness of a wintry sky :  
U felt the gleams of Fortune's sunny hour,  
Unpropp'd by Learning's all sustaining power,  
Obscur'd by Gothic darkness, and decry'd  
By Folly, blast'd, crush'd by letter'd Pride,  
Its languid beauties feel a swift decay,  
And immature it sinks from life away.

The method by which the peasant tells the hour of the day ; the simile which compares the oak, that shelters and protects the cattle under it, during a storm, to the protector of the needy and the distressed, are well wrought pieces of poetry :

Secure they lie—secure from every blow,  
Save that alone which lays their guardian low.

The description of the mansion in ruins, once the seat of magnificence and grandeur, affords a decided proof of the power of this rural poet—the mouldering turrets, the decayed half broken columns ; the owl and raven raising their dismal notes from the time-flaws of the high raised dome—

Thence the night-raven daunts with boding cry,  
And ghos's ideal meet the timid eye.

The ruined walls, overgrown with brambles and thistles, heaps of rubbish lying in the once beautiful garden, now the abode of loathsome reptiles ;

Where the fair nectarine grac'd the sunny walls,  
Rank nettles rise, and dark'ning ivy crawls,  
Midst ruin'd heaps each anxious reptile dwells,  
And shadows stalk along the gloomy cells.

The flower garden and espaliers, now a shapeless mass of ruins, form a groupe of imagery, which the poet has certainly wrought into a finished picture. The apostrophe to the decay of youth and beauty, as a moral reflection on the decayed mansion, is brought in with judgment, and happily expressed.

In the body of *Village Scenes* is interwoven a beautiful but melancholy story of Aurelia and Favonius. The first bud-dings of a virtuous passion in Favonius, the amiable and modest confession of Aurelia at its declaration, the description of a mutual affection and esteem, of their union, of their domestic happiness, with the account of the unfortunate and premature fate of Aurelia, and of the feelings and situation of Favonius at the time, are told in no common style of poetry, and

bespeak the author to be acquainted with the internal workings of the human mind. The account of the superstitious credulity of the country people, their terror of ghosts, and their tales of haunted woods, deserves commendation ; not only for the happy manner by which they are introduced into the poem, but also for the beautiful imagery which accompanies the description :

Where yon broad oaks their rugged arms outspread,  
Dark bending o'er the nightly pilgrim's head,  
There oft, 'tis said, terrific spectres stalk,  
O'er pale Credulity's nocturnal walk.

Of round the wintry fire, to audience pale,  
Grey headed age repeats the fearful tale ;  
In the dark wood dim glimmering lights are seen,  
Quick glancing ghosts rush by, of haggard mein ;  
Vile imprecations, indistinct, and cries  
Imploping pity, through the gloom arise ;  
Now dismal sounds of death the ear invade,  
And lamentations echo through the glade.

The appeal to Philosophy, against the magic fictions of superstition, and against the idea that in a future state friends and relations will not recognize each other, concludes *Village Scenes* ; which will certainly be read with considerable interest and amusement, interspersed as they are with truly poetical descriptions of objects in the economy of human life.

The *Progress of Agriculture*, or the *Rural Survey*, is the second piece of poetry in this volume. After opening this poem by a farewell to Spring, and after an account of the confused state of ancient agriculture, the poet describes the rough uncultivated heath and the barren moor, "with wandering flocks by lonely shepherd fed." The playful rabbit, the timorous light-heeled race, tripping o'er the sedgy grass, the *ignis fatuus* dancing over the dark morass, are happily painted :

Foul stagnant pools rose o'er the dark morass,  
With rushes fring'd, and chok'd with sedgy grass.  
And frequent thence mephitic vapors sprung,  
Which all the peasant's brawny nerves unstrung ;  
And oft when night's dark mantle cloth'd the sky,  
Phosphoric glimmerings met the traveller's eye,  
Delusive lights o'er faithless pools that play,  
And tempt th' unwary to a dangerous way.

The happy effects of proper cultivation, with the change it has produced from the swampy waste to the smiling well-till'd plain, the different processes of burning the weeds, draining, and irrigation, next engage the attention of the reader, and certainly deserve considerable praise. The consolidation of many small farms next forms a complaint of this rural poet. He pathetically describes the complaints of the little farmer whose land has been swallowed up by this monopoly.

The poet, however, derives consolation from the thought that there exists a race of men, attentive to the miseries of the poor, and watchful guardians of the liberties of their country ; considerable anima-

tion pervades these lines, which glow with the sacred love of liberty :

High o'er the growling selfish, reptile crew,  
A noble, powerful, generous race I view,  
Still prompt, at pure Humanity's command,  
To banish misery from their native land.  
These, in the Senate, plead the sacred cause  
Of genuine Liberty, and equal laws,  
Drag forth Corruption from her dark retreat,  
And break the fetters from the guiltless feet,  
The tyrant's frown, the tyrant's steel defy,  
In glory live, or nobly dare to die.

Upon this occasion an opportunity is taken to pay an appropriate and just tribute to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford ;

Is there a name superior to the rest,  
Whom Agriculture's laurel wreaths invest,  
Patron of peace, and liberty, and law,  
Whom slaves esteem'd and factions heard with awe,  
'Tis thine, O Bedford ! which shall extend  
As far as peace and freedom own a friend.

May the exertions of the illustrious house of Russell, a name dear to every friend of freedom, be ever employed in so glorious a cause !

Of the minor poems which compose this amusing little volume, the *Ode on War* will be read with considerable interest, on account of the bold and energetic flights of poetry which it contains :

Stern, seated in her iron car,  
I see her faulchions gleam afar,  
Her crimson banners waving round ;  
The voice of thunder marks her way,  
Trembles the earth in wild dismay,  
Hoarse the trumps of battle sound.  
And now I view  
Her ruffian crew  
Incas'd in mail, defil'd in human gore,  
Obsequious to her fell commands,  
They haste, they fly from distant lands,  
As wolves from Alpine mountains pour.  
She waves her sword and rolls her Gorgon eye,  
She speaks, and Nature shudders at the cry !

Such is the book, the extracts from which I have sent you. Far be it from me to wish that every rhymers, or person who can jingle words together, should be a candidate for the fame which Bloomfield has acquired, by his simple but delightful strains. The poems of Mr. Bachelor will be read with pleasure by those who delight in rural imagery and smooth versification. The disadvantages under which they were written are such as claim considerable indulgence from the public, who always regard with candor the works of unassisted genius. The author, by the native energies of his mind, has emerged from the trammels of obscurity, and it has not been without much encouragement that he has ventured to meet the public eye.

#### SOCRATES.

Will any one say the wise Socrates had not felt the force of love, after reading these words of his in Xenophon.—" You foolishly think amorous kisses are not envenomed, because you do not see their poison. Know that a handsome person is an animal more dangerous than the scorpion, because the latter cannot wound if



he does not touch you; but beauty strikes without approaching, darting her poison, and perverting our judgment. For this reason, Love is represented with bows and arrows, which inflict wounds at a distance. I therefore advise you, Xenophon, whenever you discover a beauty, to fly from her without looking behind. And as for you, Critobulus, I think it would be proper for you to absent yourself a whole year, for that would not be too long for the cure of your wounds."

## MR. ADDISON.

When Mr. Addison lived in Kensington square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays; but finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present, "Well, sir, what think you of this famous French author?"—"Think," replied he; "Why, that a dark dungeon and fetters would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity." "How, sir!" said his friend, "imprison a man for singularity in writing?"—"Why not," replied Mr. Addison, "had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favored, I really do not understand."

## HUMOR OF JUNIUS.

"THE gentleman who has published an answer to Sir William Meredith's pamphlet, having honored me with a postscript of six quarto pages, which he moderately calls bestowing a very few words upon me, I cannot, in common politeness, refuse him a reply. The form and magnitude of a quarto, imposes upon the mind; and men, who are unequal to the labor of discussing an intricate argument, or wish to avoid it, are willing enough to suppose, that much has been proved, because much has been said. Mine, I confess, are humble labors. I do not presume to instruct the learned, but simply to inform the body of the people; and I prefer that channel of conveyance, which is likely to spread farthest among them. The advocates of the ministry seem to me to write for fame, and to flatter themselves, that the size of their work will make them immortal. They pile up reluctant quarto upon solid folio, as if their labors, because they were gigantic, could contend with truth and Heaven....*Let. 20.*

How astonishing the vicissitudes of sublunary things! The tombs at Rome, wherein were deposited the ashes of Augustus Cesar, of Livia and Germanicus,

and all who were great in that imperial city, are at this day filled with charcoal, with filth and dunghills.

The fame of the late Dr. Darwin was built upon a very peculiar foundation, and seems to have originated in a taste, somewhat to that which has marked several of our eminent engravers; to that of polishing every particle of their works with the utmost attention to high finishing; forgetting, that without contrast and variety, the greatest intellectual efforts will fail of their effect. An interminable plain, smoothed by the scythe and levelled by the roller, tires the eye, and we languish for the hill and dale. This principle pervades the whole circle of the arts; and wherever it is violated, will produce disgust instead of admiration; and though these glittering ornaments may dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, they will invariably outrage the feelings of men of true taste.

## AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A student at one of our universities, some years since, by the name of Tucker, who was remarkable for large teeth; and another by the name of Green, whose nose was not the least prominent feature of his face, one day warmly disputed the point of precedence in arithmetical knowledge. As the contest grew warmer, and was not likely soon to be compromised by themselves, they at length agreed to refer the matter to the decision of a student in a class above them. In disclosing the dispute to this arbitrator, they agreed that he should propound a knotty question, and the one who should solve it with the most expedition, and, in his judgment with the most propriety, should bear the palm. After considerable hesitation and unwillingness to comply on the part of the referee elect, and increasing importunity of the disputants, he proposed the following very ingenious and keenly satirical question, which at once ended the contest:

"If Tucker's teeth three score of beef  
Consume in half an hour,  
I pray disclose what chance Green's nose  
Would stand, when in their power?"

A new, cheap and lasting paint has been lately invented, and successfully applied to gates, rails, and palisades: it is made of two quarts of skimmed milk, eight ounces of fresh slaked lime, six ounces of boiled linseed oil, two ounces of Burgundy pitch, and three ounces of Spanish white. The lime is to be slaked by dipping it in water, and then exposing it to the air till it falls to powder. Then mix it with the milk, adding the oil, in which the pitch has been dissolved, a little at a time. Stir it well with a wooden spatula, and add the Spanish

white. Two coats are to be laid on with a painter's brush; the expence of which will be about a half-penny a square yard.

## LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

"*The History of Athens; including a Commentary on the Principles, Policy and Practice, of Republican Government, and of the causes of the Elevation and Decline which operate in every free and commercial State.*—By Sir William Young, Bart."

This is the republication of a work which had already appeared under the different titles of the Spirit of Athens, and the History of Athens. Sir W. Young has now revived it, and incorporated such additional matter as his more extended researches presented to him.

Mr. Davies's "*Celtic Researches; or, the Origin, Traditions, and Language of the Ancient Britons,*" is a work which gives evidence of extensive reading, and of much critical and antiquarian research. Whether the system of the author is substantial or not, it is supported with great ingenuity and labor. The researches in which this system is unfolded are divided into three essays. The first is principally confined to sketches on the state and attainments of primitive society; the second is on the origin of the Celts, the institution of Druidism, and their pretensions to the knowledge of letters; and the third on the Celtic Language, in which its radical principles are appreciated and compared with the primitive and simple terms in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

"*The Historie and Life of King James the Sext. Written towards the latter part of the Sixteenth Century.*"

The author of this historical *morceau* is unknown; nor is it ascertained whether he discontinued his narrative at the period at which this manuscript concludes, or whether it was carried down beyond it. Mr. Malcolm Laing, whose History of Scotland since the union of the crowns we noticed at the time of its appearance, is the reputed editor of this curious volume. He has published it from that copy of the original manuscript (now belonging to Lord Belhaven) which the historiographer to Queen Anne, David Crawford, of Drumsoy, employed in compiling his Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland. Crawford was a partizan of the Queen of Scots, and did not hesitate to suppress every circumstance which was unfavorable to Mary, and to Bothwell, or which was favorable to their adversaries. The history begins with the murder of Riccio and the birth of James I. in 1566; it terminates with the year 1580.



## POETRY.

For the MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

## A MORNING LANDSCAPE.

MIRA, arise—the morning breaks,  
 And on the thatch the robin sings;  
 All renovated nature wakes,  
 And from her eyes sleeps poppy flings.  
 Come, let us ramble to yon height,  
 Where oft we greet the rosy morn,  
 While yet with freshening dews of night  
 With trembling lustre deck the thorn.  
 The shepherd, as he opes his fold,  
 Feels new delight his bosom swell,  
 Nor sees the mountains gleam with gold,  
 Nor hears the music of the dell.  
 His morning task, his noontide toils,  
 His evening duties, night's repose,  
 Forbid his eye the sparkling smiles  
 Which joy's emotions oft disclose.  
 His days of care ne'er find an end;  
 One circ'ling path he must pursue;  
 Yet all his labors only tend  
 To form a heart to Virtue true.  
 No sorrows rankle in his breast—  
 No vices taint his honest heart—  
 Content is his—a cheerful guest—  
 And innocence, that knows no art.  
 Come, Mira, let us haste away,  
 Ere yet the mountains brightly gleam;  
 And carol Blythe a matin lay,  
 To hail the sun's returning beam.  
 See how his shooting glories rise,  
 Prelusive of advancing light—  
 In mercy—lest our dazzled eyes  
 Should roll in everlasting night.  
 And now th' ascending orb appears;  
 Ten thousand sunbeams dance around;  
 And lo! the evening's lucid tears  
 Like silver lamps adorn the ground.  
 The hand of zephyrs round our heads  
 On ever-fluttering pinions play;  
 And round, their sportive influence spreads  
 The fragrance of the new-mown hay.  
 How bless'd, supremely bless'd, are we,  
 Who here inhale untainted air,  
 And, like the soaring birds, are free  
 In Nature's lib'ral gifts to share.  
 While wretched in confinement pine,  
 Doom'd to a dungeon's horrid gloom—  
 Or toiling in the hateful mine,  
 Pant for the refuge of the tomb.  
 Confin'd in dark corrupted air,  
 Their pallid cheeks and hollow eyes,  
 Their depth of wretchedness declare,  
 And crave a bliss their fate denies.  
 Slaves to a haughty master's frown,  
 Obedient to a tyrant's nod,  
 Their minds by Misery fetter'd down,  
 Scarce dare to raise a thought to God.  
 Eternal justice! shall a slave  
 Among thy fairest works be found?  
 Shall power condemn the hapless brave,  
 To till a fellow mortal's ground?  
 Shall he, who bears thy stamp divine,  
 Toil in an impious brother's chain?  
 Condemn'd a wretch forlorn, to pine  
 And mourn his native rights in vain?  
 Yet a few years—and thy decree  
 Shall burst the bonds he now must wear;  
 Shall set the wretched negro free,  
 And rescue millions from despair.  
 But come, my love! while thus I speak,  
 The sun's increasing beams diffuse  
 A warm flush on thy glowing cheek,  
 And deepen Health's vermilion hues.  
 Then let us to our cot return,  
 And our accustom'd tasks renew,  
 Till Vesper, from her silver urn,  
 Shall scatter round the freshening dew.

BEAUMONT.

## A REFLECTION.

HAST thou e'er mark'd, within the verdant dale,  
 The lowly flow'ret's humble drooping head?  
 Which bows, obsequious, to each passing gale,  
 And far, unheeded, doth its fragrance shed?  
 Whose simple beauties doth resplendent shine,  
 But too concealed from the eye of day;  
 It blooms unnotic'd by all passing eyes,  
 Is choak'd by weeds, and quickly feels decay.  
 Thus 'tis with merit—when a cold disdain  
 Surrounds the heart—with every prospect dire;  
 The smile approving is the only gain,  
 Which leaves the man unfriended to expire.

## FROM METASTASIO.

Gentle Zephyr, as you fly,  
 Should you meet my lovely fair,  
 Softly whisper, "you're a sigh,"  
 But do not tell whose sigh you are.  
 Limpid streamlet, should my dear  
 Cross your current as you flow,  
 Murmuring tell her, "you're a tear,"  
 But not whose eyes have swoll'n you so.

## Memoranda of a Student at Law for twenty four hours.

Nine o'clock, A. M.—Was call'd by the servant to breakfast; demurred to it; found it would n't do; tho' must fill up the blanks in the abdomen.

Ten o'clock.—Felt a little squeamish; intemperance had taken away the tone of my stomach; took a drop of stimulus by way of *replevin*, to get it back again.

Eleven o'clock.—Peep'd into Coke; what a big book it is; difficult to be understood too; could n't stand it; took up a song book and humm'd over "Mother Casey;" walked out to a neighbor's and swallowed another *replevin* stimulant.

Twelve o'clock.—A huge fellow made a wry face at me; I swore I'd prosecute him for an assault, when he commenced a most tremendous battery upon my poor carcass; I gave him a *rejoinder*; he tripp'd me a *sur-rejoinder*; I then darted my head into his stomach by way of *rebuttal*, when he fell to the ground, and I won the cause.

One o'clock, P. M.—Took a little more of the usual *replevin*; sat down to dinner and eat a slice of ham; made five resolutions to live more temperately; took a glass of *half and half* by way of confirming them.

Two o'clock.—In prime order; went to see Miss K. A fine looking girl she is too; whispered a little nonsense in her ear; her mother don't like me; she popp'd in all of a sudden, and caught me kissing her daughter; I made issue per front door, and was off in a tangent!

Three o'clock.—Saw a creditor; he dunn'd me hard; but I non-suited him for the present.

Four o'clock.—Time to go to study; got a headache; read about *petty larceny*; an old cake woman came by, and I made *forcible entry* upon her basket and *detainer* upon her gingerbread; the old dame made prodigious loud and strong declarations against it; my plea was *fun*; she vowed she'd sue me; I gave her the price of the cakes to compromise, and so the affair ended.

Five o'clock.—Went to see an acquaintance; tried to be witty; out of five attempts three were abortions; one joke was laughed at; and I shrewdly suspect that I was laughed at myself. *Man*. Stick to common sense, and let Wit alone.

Six o'clock.—Took a little more *replevin*; found my stomach in prime order; got among the girls; talked nonsense; laughed loud and endeavored to be amusing; the girls snigger'd; I looked foolish, and became totally dumb founded.

Seven o'clock.—Shall I go to bed? Too soon yet; whistled lillabulero; caper'd about the house, and swigged another *replevin*; felt quite lively; sallied out; broke a negro's head; the fellow made more noise than our court crier; I made my *escape* instant.

Eight o'clock.—Took another *replevin*. Nine—another. Ten—another.

Eleven.—Two more in quick succession!! Nine o'clock the next morning—found myself in bed with my coat on!

## A National Song, in commemoration of American Independence.

## TUNE—RISE CYNTHIA.

Rise Columbians rise,  
 Rise Columbians rise,  
 The glorious morn which gave you birth—  
 Once more with joy behold.  
 With rapture hail its glad return,  
 Its rising splendors see unfold.  
 'Tis freedom's natal day begins,  
 Rejoicing in her glorious reign.

Wide o'er this happy  
 This happy blessed land,  
 Her joyous reign shall long endure.

Ye brave whose bosoms glow,  
 Ye brave whose bosoms glow,  
 With Freedom's sacred fire, attend,  
 Around her altars stand,  
 From ev'ry insult to defend,  
 And guard 'gainst ev'ry foe your land.  
 The precious gift of freedom guard,  
 And dearer than existence prize.

So shall you ever,  
 You ever happy be  
 Till time's unchanging course shall end.

AMERICUS.

## THE EXTENT OF LIFE'S VARIETY.

JUST this little, and no more,  
 Is in every mortal's power,  
 Each to say, I tasted breath,  
 But the cup was fraught with death.  
 I have sigh'd, have laugh'd, have wept,  
 Wak'd to think, and thinking slept,  
 Slept my wearied limbs to rest,  
 Wak'd with labor in my breast.  
 Met with sorrows, haply o'er,  
 Mixt in pleasures now no more.  
 Hop'd and fear'd, with equal sense;  
 Dup'd by many a slight pretence.  
 Soon shall my soul her veil throw by,  
 My body with its kindred lie.  
 Of this I'm certain, but the rest  
 Is lock'd within a higher breast.

## DIED,

At Leeds, (Eng.) Mr. *Gerwas Starr*, one of the people called Quakers. To delineate the character of this truly good man with justice, is not only difficult, but impossible. With an income of several hundreds per annum, his personal expenses have not exceeded thirty pounds a year; the surplus he bestowed upon the poor, not through the medium of agents, but with his own hands ministering to their necessities. For this purpose he performed weekly circuits of several miles through the adjacent villages, where he explored the wretched abodes of misery, investigated their various necessities, and administered advice, bedding, cloathing, and money, in the most judicious manner: and, during his last illness, he expressed his firm belief that the same Divine Power which had stimulated him thus to alleviate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, would raise up some others to supply his place. His spare habit, his venerable grey locks, his plain and rather coarse cloathing, with the sanctity of his countenance and general appearance, produced in beholders the idea of one of the ancient prophets. The period of his good deeds will be much lamented, and more severely felt. May his truly pious example stimulate many others to—go and do likewise.

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